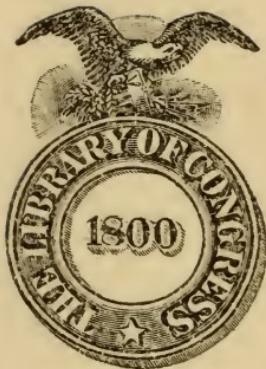


PS  
3503  
.E725A8  
1919

AMERICA'S  
GREAT  
NORTH-  
WEST

*By,*  
BEATRICE  
B.  
BERNHEIM



Class PS 3503

Book E 725 A8

Copyright No. 1919

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





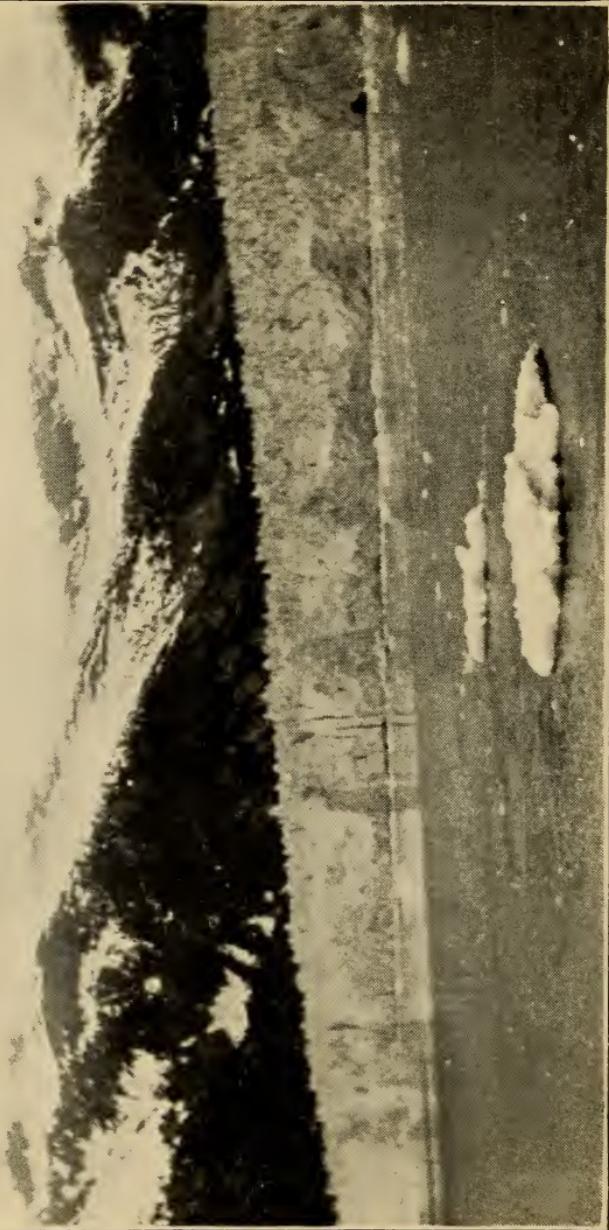
AMERICA'S  
GREAT NORTHWEST





TAKU GLACIER

Field of Opal Ice  
Furrowed by Thor's great hand



# AMERICA'S GREAT NORTHWEST

BY

BEATRICE B. BERNHEIM

Author of "*Impressions*" and  
Other Poems

NATIONAL BOOK PUBLISHERS  
200 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

PS3503  
E725 A8  
1919

COPYRIGHTED, 1919, BY  
BEATRICE B. BERNHEIM



DEC -6 1919

© CLA535952

GEORGE H. DAVIS  
BOOK MANUFACTURER  
200 FIFTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK

DEDICATED TO  
MY DEAR HUSBAND WHO SACRIFICED  
SO MUCH TIME TO GIVE ME THESE  
PLEASANT JOURNEYS



## CONTENTS

Foreword . . . . .	11
St. Paul—Minneapolis . . . . .	15
Minnehaha Falls . . . . .	16
The People One Meets on the Train . . . . .	17
Through Minnesota and North Dakota . . . . .	20
Halftitle . . . . .	21
Entrance to the Canadian Rockies . . . . .	23
Banff . . . . .	24
Lake Louise . . . . .	25
The Valley of the Ten Peaks . . . . .	27
The Yoho Valley . . . . .	28
Emerald Lake . . . . .	29
The Illecillewaet Valley . . . . .	30
Albert-Canyon Gorge . . . . .	33
Revelstoke . . . . .	34
Sicamous . . . . .	35
Vancouver . . . . .	37
Halftitle . . . . .	39
En Route to Alaska . . . . .	41
En Route to Ketchikan . . . . .	44
Ketchikan . . . . .	46
En Route to the Taku Glacier . . . . .	48
Taku Glacier . . . . .	49
Skagway to Lake Bennett . . . . .	51
Sunset on the Pacific . . . . .	55
Alert Bay . . . . .	56

Victoria, B. C.	57
Sunset (Victoria, B. C.)	59
Sunset (On Puget Sound)	60
Sunset (Same Day)	61
Seattle	62
Mount Ranier	64
Portland	66
Columbia River	67
Halftitle	69
Yellowstone Park—Mammoth Hot Springs	71
En Route to Old Faithful Inn	73
Old Faithful Geyser	75
Yellowstone Lake and Surroundings	76
Falls of the Yellowstone	77
The Grand Canyon—The Bears	79
Mount Washburn	81
Halftitle	83
Duluth, Minn.	85
Sunset on Lake Superior	87
The Soo Canal	88
Mackinac Island	89
St. Claire River	90
Niagara	91
The End of a Perfect Trip	93

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Taku . . . . .	Frontispiece
Totem Poles . . . . .	46
Yellowstone Falls . . . . .	75



## FOREWORD

“ SEE AMERICA” has become a national slogan, and the author of the following poems, acting upon the suggestion contained in the phrase, made a tour of the northwest and recorded her impressions.

The beauties of this vast section of the continent cannot be overemphasized or exaggerated, and artists, authors and poets have found inspiration in their contemplation.

The rugged peaks of Canada, rough, massive and irregular, are appropriately termed “ Rockies.” Owing to marvelous railroad construction, one is enabled to see the mountains at close range, and running from them, picturesque streams ending in turbulent rivers and opalescent lakes.

Alaska, the “ great country,” possesses unusual interest; for in addition to the scenic beauty and grandeur of gigantic glaciers, pinnacled ice-bergs, tortuous channels, snow-capped mountains, green hills and striking sunsets, there are the Alaskan

Indian, the weird totem-poles, the gold trails of the nineties, and one can get a slight idea of the vast wealth and resources of this Territory of the United States, whose history and exploitation are just beginning.

The Yellowstone Park set up by the Government for the "benefit and enjoyment of the people" has countless beauties. The hot springs, geysers, colored terraces, steam vents, lakes emitting colored vapors, mud geysers and paint pots, lead to the climax found in the sublime Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River.

The Great Lakes, busy with the coal and copper industry, whose shores are the scenes of active cities and pleasure resorts; and Niagara, the greatest cataract in the world, are referred to in these pages, and are some of the wonders visited by the author.

If this little book will stimulate others, until now too engrossed in their daily tasks, to know or care much about the marvels of their own country, to visit some or all of these places, the tourist will owe to the author a lasting debt of gratitude.

D. J. Fox

Now we'll see the Great Northwest  
Mountains high we'll climb with zest,  
Nature showing us her best  
Westward ho!



---

---

## ST. PAUL—MINNEAPOLIS

---

### ST. PAUL — MINNEAPOLIS

Twin brother and sister — both well grown  
and fair

Connected by a soft strip of sand.

St. Paul gives his bridal wreaths for sister  
to wear,

She flings him soft waters to make fertile  
the land.

Their parks they share commonly ; also their  
homes

Many large public buildings, with wonder-  
ful domes.

Capitol, Library, Ft. Smedley, Cathedral,  
Take hold of our hearts — for a home 'tis  
ideal!

---

---

## MINNEHAHA FALLS

---

### MINNEHAHA FALLS

Minehaha (laughing water)  
Falling gracefully and swift,  
Pure white tresses, soft and wavy.  
Mother's wringlets to be kissed.

Like her face so gentle ever,  
Never changing with the years  
Always calm, serene, and lovely.  
Smiling sweetly through her tears.

---

---

## THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON THE TRAIN

---

### EN ROUTE

## THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON THE TRAIN

A pleasurable part of our journey through life,

Consists of the company we meet.

If we travel by rail, or float on the seas,  
Some interesting people we'll greet.

A dear little mother, with four tiny tots,  
One four, one two and boy twins,

Who are journeying far, into Washington state,

Where father'll be waiting — all smiles,  
joyous grins.

No nurse for these babies, 'cept mother herself,

But brave as a lion is she.

She smilingly said "After just four days more

We'll arrive at our home in the Western country."

---

---

## THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON THE TRAIN

---

Next came a soldier, just returned from the war,

Tall, handsome fellow, broad shouldered and strong,

He told us his story (for wifey was there)  
And two lovely children along.

The dear baby boy, was a new toy for him,  
His acquaintance he'd just shortly made,  
His arrival occurred while father was gone,  
The news came by wire — it told what he weighed!

A man from Australia spoke to us next,  
He had been in the States many times.  
Oft' traveled in many and far distant lands,  
Had heard many languages; seen many climes.

He had lived 'mongst the Fijis, and found them quite kind,  
Our song-bird, (Nellie Melba), he knew.

---

---

## THE PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON THE TRAIN

---

Oft' for her he played, while she sang her  
sweet songs,

From so interesting a traveler, we much  
knowledge drew.

A soldier was there who'd been gassed and  
shot,

By the Huns in this awful "World War."

He spoke of Gallipoli, and the hardships  
endured,

Bad water, bad food, flies by millions he  
saw.

He cannot endure to remain in one place,  
He will ne'er be content till he's seen the  
whole race.

Will we ever, yea ever, see these folks again,  
These interesting people we met on the train?

---

---

THROUGH MINNESOTA AND N. DAKOTA

---

EN ROUTE  
THROUGH MINNESOTA AND  
NORTH DAKOTA

Wonderful farming country, we're swiftly  
passing through,

The loam is black in fertile field.

Young wheat and corn is coming forth  
A bounteous harvest sure to yield.

The cattle grazing in the rain,  
The children fair and sweet.

A snake-like stream, and then a lake,  
Myriads of wild flowers at our feet.

The farmer's barn with haystacks high,  
And implements for farming.

With family group about the door,  
Completes this pictures charming.

---

---

CANADIAN ROCKIES

---

CANADIAN ROCKIES



---

---

## ENTRANCE TO THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

---

### ENTRANCE TO THE CANADIAN ROCKIES NEAR BANFF

Sapphire streams and emerald lakes,  
Guide us on to wonderland.

Soft green hills and wooded vales,  
Rugged peaks by heaven fanned.

Fleecy clouds are drifting o'er,  
As if to shade them from the sun.  
Heights quite softly bathed in snow,  
Giant bodies — gray as guns.

Guns that peacefully do sleep —  
Sentinels stand as time doth creep.

---

## BANFF

---

## BANFF

Bow River where runneth thou so swiftly  
and strong?

“ I’m leaving for the sea : I gather water all  
day long

From the high, gray, snow-capped moun-  
tains, released in cascades grand,

Which trickle down the mountain sides by  
nature wisely planned.

Bow Falls I formed alluring — charming to  
gaze upon.

All comers to our lovely climes, enjoy their  
hurried run.

And madcap leaps in snow-white foam

Which continues through the centuries — yea  
many more they’ll roam.”

We’re placed as snow upon the mountains,

While oftentimes change our course

Until at length our lives are spent,

Nature regains her force.

---

---

## LAKE LOUISE

---

### LAKE LOUISE

Just at the base of the mountains  
A jeweled heart is seen,  
The heart of a beautiful maiden  
Pulsations quite serene.

Opaline colors gleaming forth  
From the heart of this maiden fair.  
Coupled with *facial beauty*,  
A jeweled *heart* is rare.

Around her stand her protectors  
From the cold and icy wind.  
She treads a path of fleecy snow  
When her boudoir she would find.

Thou'rt a bride indeed, Louise,  
A fair and lovely bride,  
Thy mantle, the soft, green spruce trees  
Thy robe the azure skies.

---

---

## LAKE LOUISE

---

At early dawn quite silently  
We look *into* thy heart,  
We see reflected in it  
A world of beauty and of art.

The mountains high, the glaciers grand,  
The great stone turrets all,  
*Thy character* reflected deep and strong,  
As this stone wall.

---

---

## THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS

---

### THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS AND LAKE MORAIN

Ten dark and stately pyramids  
Thrown up by nature's force.  
Their apex jutting to the sky,  
Their base earth's bowels coarse.  
Encased in snow and ice,  
Glaciers connecting all,  
By mist obscured — this giant mass,  
A veritable iron wall.  
Morain's emerald waters,  
Lie at thy feet below,  
Placid and still to rest the eye,  
Huge basin for the snow.

---

---

## THE YOHO VALLEY

---

### EN ROUTE THE YOHO VALLEY

Huge mountain peaks like aged giants,  
Majestically enthralled.  
Through deep ravines and valleys green  
Soft emerald streamlets fall.

They rush and leap as if to show  
Their antics free and easy.  
The ferns and mosses smiling through,  
The summer air so breezy.

---

## EMERALD LAKE

---

### EMERALD LAKE

The most glorious emerald in the wide,  
wide world

Is this jewel of wondrous sheen,  
Encased in rugged and snow-capped peaks,  
An ever changing green.

A silver cast oft passes o'er,  
As clouds do come and go;  
Then jade we see when waters are  
Quite shallow far below.

Eight tall, strong, giants guarding  
This precious jewel rare;  
Its dark green fire rewarding  
Their constant tender care.

---

---

## THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY

---

### THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY

We come to nature's wonderland,  
Planned by God's wise hand;  
*Soft* mountains now; peaks sugared o'er,  
While streams wind through the land.

The foliage on the mountain sides,  
Like thickest carpet green;  
The fir trees, spruce, and poplars,  
Bring memories as we dream.

Of happy days of childhood,  
When with toys we used to play;  
We see again our dear Noah's ark,  
Come back to us today.

The *rugged* mountains now have passed,  
The soft and gentle here;  
The fleecy clouds now hover o'er —  
This valley has no peer.

---

---

## THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY

---

Through tunnels dark we wind our way,  
(Cut through the mountains wide) ;  
At last we come to Glacier,  
With barren, rocky, sides.

High up we see the water-falls,  
Stiff frozen by the snows ;  
This Glacier (great ice mountain),  
'Twixt two soft green ones grows.

Then highest peaks with bridal veils,  
Fast flowing down their side ;  
The Illecillewaet madly rushes on,  
An ever flowing tide.

Its banks well filled with verdure :  
We think we see the gnomes  
Staring at us from out the caves,  
Their giant, natural homes.

The bear, the deer, the antelope  
Are gazing from on high ;  
The eagle and the great white owl  
Flutter and start, as we pass by.

---

---

## THE ILLECILLEWAET VALLEY

---

And dart into the thicket,  
To hide from human sight;  
The silver clouds fall on the hills,  
We're loath to find 'tis night.

---

---

## ALBERT-CANYON GORGE

---

### ALBERT-CANYON GORGE

Albert-Canyon Gorge is presented to our  
view,

A rift between the mountains, with waters  
rushing through.

Some hundred feet in depth,

Whose sides are solid rocks,

Implanted are the trees and shrubs,

Whose roots resist all shocks.

---

---

## REVELSTOKE

---

## REVELSTOKE

Surrounded by beautiful, dark green hills,  
As quiet as if asleep:  
The air is pure: the flowers fair,  
At a charming spot we peep.  
A balm for the nerves is a place like this,  
A fertile valley by nature kissed.

---

## SICAMOUS

---

### SICAMOUS

Shuswap Lake (where the waters join),

Is forty-three miles in length :

'Tis bordered by many tall, green hills,

Showing singular beauty and strength.

We're off on a fishing trip today,

Just ready to steam at once,

And hope to have a plenteous share,

Before 'tis time for lunch.

The bear came out to greet us,

And the bald-headed eagle, too ;

But the salmon and the rainbow trout

Had something else to do.

However, we will not despair,

We've hours yet to try,

And should our hopes be blasted,

We'll promise not to sigh.

For the day is fair, and the company fine,

Such scenes as here are most divine.

Our luck improved as the day advanced,

Some speckled beauties our share.

---

---

## SICAMOUS

---

The placid lake, the sunset's glow,  
    Formed a charming picture rare.  
The long twilights in this north country,  
    Will linger long with us.  
A land of peaceful, kindly folk,  
    Whose word you can always trust.  
The silver sheen comes o'er the lake ;  
    The mist of evening on the hills.  
Night's quiet settles over all,  
    The robin's note is stilled.

---

---

## VANCOUVER

---

### VANCOUVER

Leaving behind the Cascade Mounts,  
Which flow in graceful waves,  
We come into Vancouver,  
On whose shores soft waters lave.

Beautiful driveways here abound  
With flower laden homes and gardens.  
Huge cedars greet our eye,  
And shrubs with blossoms laden.

We pass along the rocky shore,  
And watch the busy crow  
Take clams from off the sandy beach,  
Quickly away she goes

To heights above the rocky land,  
And then with instinct keen,  
She throws them down with all her might,  
And breaks the shells atwain.

---

---

## VANCOUVER

---

A feast is now before her,  
This great, black bird so queer.  
'Tis oft' we find this human sense  
In the creatures of the air.

The gateway to the Pacific  
Is this far western place.  
We touch the fingers of Japan,  
And fondly smile at all her grace.

East Indians, Chinese, Poles are here,  
Yet all seem to agree,  
That England's rule is fair and square,  
They feel proud that they are free

To come and go, and do as please,  
As long as they respect  
The laws of that great country,  
Whose protection they select.

---

---

ALASKA REGIONS

---

ALASKA REGIONS



---

---

## EN ROUTE TO ALASKA

---

### EN ROUTE TO ALASKA

We are going, we are going  
To the land of the beyond  
Where the mountains seem to sweetly kiss  
the clouds.  
Where the silver waters flow  
In a calm majestic stream,  
And the rising sun throws out its roseate  
glow.  
The walrus and the polar bear are ever  
friendly foes,  
The caribou and eagle always swift,  
The greyling in the river, and the foxes in  
their lair  
Wouldn't change for all the precious gold  
they sift.  
The vastness and the solitude is all we seem  
to feel  
And wonder how the Indians on the shore  
Can be content to live their lives in this quiet,  
easy way.

---

---

## EN ROUTE TO ALASKA

---

Their wants are small, they crave for  
nothing more.

Are we happier than these people,  
Nature's children of the forest?

Our longings and our cravings are oft great  
As the worm he crawleth ever

Are we ever, yea, yes ever

Quite contented with our lot and with our  
fate?

---

---

## EN ROUTE TO ALASKA

---

While traveling by boat from B. C. to Skagway

We met a gold miner by chance  
Who staked his first claim in the year '96  
And whose wealth has materially advanced.

His interests lie in many great mines  
Whose riches we can hardly conceive,  
He's his own guide, knows the country by  
heart

Am sure would be hard to deceive.  
We asked if at any time in his mining career  
He had been badly treated "In claims."

He said only once of any account  
And that by the proudest of names  
Our dear U. S. A. had taken away  
All the coal mines in country sought.

I told him just here, that he need have no  
fear  
For with *gold*, much coal could be bought.

---

---

## EN ROUTE TO KETCHIKAN

---

### EN ROUTE TO KETCHIKAN

The broad expanse, the sky so blue  
Pacific's arm we're sailing through,  
The mountain heights, the wooded isles  
The cloud effects our time beguiles.

When twilight time comes slowly on  
The sky in west appears  
As golden sands in Orient  
On which our eyes could feast for years.

Deep in the night when all is hushed  
Save the sound of lapping water  
Artistic scenes come to our ken  
A memory ever after.

We fain would have our brush in hand  
With palette, easel, paints,  
And place upon that canvas now  
These glorious evening tints.

---

---

## EN ROUTE TO KETCHIKAN

---

This far north land brings romance  
Into our very heart,  
We feel our youth return to us  
A thrill comes — and we start!

We're far, but not alone,  
Our heavenly Guide is near  
He's with us through the universe  
He's our Protector dear.

For through our love — He loves us  
We are His children ever.  
His hand will guide our wanderings  
His spirit — leave us never.

The sun-capped peaks in sunlight bright  
Seem brilliant heavenly lanterns there.  
Ever guiding onward —  
To ethereal scenes more and more fair.

---

---

## KETCHIKAN

---

---

### KETCHIKAN

Totem (lineage) poles  
Greet us on every side.  
They firmly fix the *family tree*  
Which is the Indian's pride.

When the male of any household  
Is suddenly called away  
E'en the Great Spirit takes him,  
His history's preserved alway.

A Totem pole is then erected  
On the site of the master's home  
Straightway in many carvings  
The tribe is cast upon.

When two would join in wedlock  
It is decreed in Indian lore  
That eagle or whale shall not marry  
One of the same to mar.



TOTEM (LINEAGE) POLES  
Greet us on every side.  
They firmly fix the *family tree*  
Which is the Indian's pride



---

---

## KETCHIKAN

---

A happy, blissful union,  
But the *opposite* they may wed ;  
For they felt this law was necessary  
To cut off intermarriages.

We can learn some useful lessons  
From these simple early races  
Their honor and sagacity  
Oft outruns us many paces.

---

---

## EN ROUTE TO THE TAKU GLACIER

---

### EN ROUTE TO THE TAKU GLACIER

Icebergs of various shapes and hues

We pass as we steam along

They're broken from the glaciers

Which were their one-time home.

They seem to want to float away

Drifting into the world,

When time has passed and seasons change

Beneath the seas they're whirled.

Seven times as deep beneath the surface

As they are upon the top.

They oft supply the canneries

With ice just near the spot.

---

---

## TAKU GLACIER

---

### TAKU GLACIER

Field of opal ice

Furrowed by Thor's great hand  
Ploughed and planted by father time  
Whose home seems this fair land.

The fathomless depths of sapphire blue  
The snow flowers on the surface  
The floes of ice seen clearly through  
Stand forth as to entrance us.

Seventy miles in length  
A mile or so across  
The height in air three hundred feet  
Beneath — our calculation's lost.

Blue as m'lady's eyes  
Staunch as the heart of a friend  
Cold as war's own heartless steel  
'Twill so remain till end.

---

---

## TAKU GLACIER

---

Huge pieces break from time to time  
And fall into the water  
With crash and roar and hissing sound  
Noisy concussion after.

Oft tiny forms we see ahead  
Some hills, a seal, a swan,  
We slowly, sadly sail away  
This wondrous scene has gone.

---

---

## SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

---

---

### SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

'Round mountain sides, past flowing  
streams,

Above the canyon's deep abyss  
The rocky slopes, with verdant trees  
Show us a land by nature kissed.

Swift currents flow by trappers' hut  
And all the hills seem strangely cold  
The cascades rushing down to stream  
Carrying with them untold gold.

The process's long and tiresome  
Ere 'tis turned into the mould.  
The figures carved in mountain sides  
Form many pictures bold.

The dizzy heights into the sky  
The waterfalls so near  
The rivulets and little runs  
Like etchings do appear.

---

---

## SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

---

Huge boulders fallen all around  
Give signs of nature's forces  
We look and often seem to see  
The gold in the crevices.

The flowering shrubs approach us now  
The many vines in bloom  
The trail upon the mountain side  
“Sheep Camp” now far in gloom.

Two little huts are all that's left  
In that dark ravine deep  
Which formerly meant a hospice  
For tired souls requiring sleep.

Into great nature's wonderland  
Here on the top of world  
Where winter's storms and summer's winds  
Brought beauties — here unfurled.

Now glacial heights we see  
And Skagway Canyon we pass through.  
In former days white tents were here  
Now only trail do come to view.

---

---

## SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

---

In earlier times this granite land  
Was tropical and warm  
A great upheaval then took place  
Which unsettled all the calm.

And threw these giant mountains  
From the bowels of the ground  
They judge this by the Mastodon  
Which just near here was found.

'Twas only in the tropics  
That this great creature dwelt  
Where torrid sun and languid breeze  
All through the year is felt.

Dead Horse Gorge we're going through  
Wherein the years long past  
So many horses dropped and died  
From sheer fatigue — at last.

We are molecules on this wondrous earth  
Born to live, and sleep and die,  
We often judge our nothingness  
By the mountains in the sky.

---

---

## SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT

---

---

Their base denotes our youth —  
Blossoming and fair.  
All paths through life are rugged  
Snow tops show age is there.

---

---

## SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC

---

---

### SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC

The silver gleam of sunset falls on the  
northern sea

Gazing far into the west, we seem *two*  
suns to see

A golden glow in distance between the eve-  
ning hills

The rainbow colors come and go — our  
senses pulsate — thrill.

Between the dark and distant peaks many  
snow mounts peep.

Some tiny isles with verdure filled: the mist  
falls fast, the mountains sleep.

Although the rain comes quickly now, they're  
lovely in their weeping.

For wrapt around with snowy sheets, they're  
beauteous in their sleeping.

---

---

## ALERT BAY

---

### ALERT BAY

A little fishing village banked close against  
the shore  
With modern salmon cannery; and Indians  
by the score  
Many curious Totem poles, painted and  
carved by hand.  
Huts with open rafters; sweet children near  
at hand,  
Older women cleaning fish: to be dried for  
the long, cold winter  
Quaint slim canoes on the sandy shore (which  
seem too frail to enter)  
The Indian grave with monument of mon-  
strous wooden fish  
The great bear rugs, the baskets fine, and  
many a savory dish  
Would make us have respect for these harm-  
less peaceful creatures.  
Whom we hope to educate in time and  
brighten their sad features.

---

---

VICTORIA, B. C.

---

VICTORIA, B. C.

Victoria the queen of the northern isles  
Thy beauty brings rapture, thy grace calls  
forth smiles.  
Thy parks and thy gardens with flowers so  
rare  
Are a source of great pleasure — to thee  
none can compare.  
We hie to the country to view the estates  
See Italian sunken gardens, with fish for in-  
mates.  
The Japanese gardens, with bridge and  
pagoda  
Dwarf trees and quaint mill which is pro-  
pelled by the water.  
Banks upon banks of carnations and lilies  
Violets and nasturtiums, snowballs and  
peonies.  
The Saarnich telescope which throws its  
bright rays

---

---

VICTORIA, B. C.

---

Two hundred thousand miles — and whose  
results both amaze  
And interest, as the suns, stars, we see  
depicted on glass  
And wonder what in time will be gleaned of  
this mass.

---

---

SUNSET (VICTORIA, B. C.)

---

SUNSET  
(VICTORIA, B. C.)

Silver glow of purple sunset  
Shines in yonder ruby skies  
Fades at length just like a moonbeam  
Silver-grey seems to arise.  
Glorious sun-ball sinks so slowly  
Its reflection caught on water  
Seems a bridge of rarest platinum  
On which fairies full of laughter  
Dance and frolic, sing and play,  
'Til all is hushed at close of day.

---

---

SUNSET (PUGET SOUND)

---

SUNSET  
(ON PUGET SOUND)

A golden dragon seen on high  
Far above the hills  
It is the sunset in the sky  
Causing our senses countless thrills !  
Verily a sky of molten gold  
It calls us with its lure  
To golden halls and castles there  
To dreams so sweet and pure  
Its light is casting high above  
A glorious golden ray  
A parting kiss we give to thee  
Thou'st made a perfect day.  
A day so perfect who can tell  
If 'twill ever come again.  
We can't expect all sunshine  
Our hearts are tried by pain.

---

---

SUNSET (SAME DAY)

---

SUNSET

(SAME DAY)

Heavenly fires burning bright  
Torches now are lighted  
Even as we gaze on high  
We seem to be a frightened.  
The mountains now seem all aglow  
With ruby red and molten flow  
Of some celestial substance  
We feel, Oh Lord, Thy true existence.

---

---

## SEATTLE

---

### SEATTLE

Seattle so-called from an Indian chief  
Justly deserves its name  
As proud as a chieftain its people should be  
    Of its playing and winning the game.  
In a short space of time, from a very small  
    place  
    To a thriving and prosperous town.  
Fine buildings, fine homes and many fine  
    lakes  
    In beauty the land abounds

Lake Washington is viewed from the avenue  
    of homes  
    Oh, placid and beautiful water!  
Mt. Ranier stands guard, in the distance we  
    see  
    Like a father protecting a daughter.  
Many ships are built for the navy here  
    There're locks and canals and piers  
One canal is used for the foreign ships  
    To be cleaned ere awaiting repairs.

---

---

## SEATTLE

---

The population consists of those from all lands

Swedes, Norwegians, Scandinavians and Fins,

Chinese and Japs, and East Indian folks

Canadians and Americans

Each house has its garden, each home has its flowers

The views most enchanting, as seen from the towers.

---

---

## MOUNT RANIER

---

### MOUNT RANIER

Old man with snowy hair,  
Tell me thy story now.  
How many suns and winter moons  
Have passed before thy brow?

So many, children of the earth,  
I dare not fix the limit.  
Six glaciers form and radiate  
Like starfish from my summit.

Huge streams from these flow madly  
And rushing far below,  
Make fertile fourteen valleys  
Whose flowers are fed by snow.

So great and high my crest oft seems  
With foam clouds for a cover  
That which is mount and which is sky  
They oftentimes can't discover.

---

## MOUNT RANIER

---

They say some day I'll blow away  
As I did years ago.

I vomited two thousand feet  
And threw it far below.

I'm cold without yet warm at heart  
And when I look on mortals  
I'd like to feel that they're the same  
Awaiting heavenly portals.

---

---

## PORLAND

---

### PORLAND

Portland the city of roses  
Red and pink and white  
Even the hedges are roses  
A marvelously beautiful sight.

Each person vies with the other  
To grow them more and more fair  
Trellised far up on the houses  
They seem to be born of the air.

What is softer, more fragrant, more lovely  
Than our beautiful, beautiful rose  
It sweetly greets infant arriving  
It kisses the frame in repose.

It blesses the bride at the altar  
Bringing joy wherever it goes  
To the mother, the soldier, the sweetheart,  
This beautiful, beautiful rose.

---

## COLUMBIA RIVER

---

### COLUMBIA RIVER

Its source in Priest Lake, Idaho, this river  
winds its way

Broad and strong towards its mouth: its  
beauty will ever hold sway.

Sometimes rapids, then eddies, then smooth  
as glass,

Bordered by soft willows, and velvety  
grass.

Dotted here and there by small islands or  
huge boulders

*Above*, natural parapets, devoid of the  
soldiers

Numberless scows with wheeled salmon-traps

Which after catching these fish, throw  
them into the nets.

The rugged shores — Mt. Hood far away  
Whose white frame stands boldly on this  
clear, brilliant day

---

---

## COLUMBIA RIVER

---

Many picturesque villages their orchards  
so fair

Of apples, cherries and prunes — show a  
landscape quite rare.

There're sheep in the pastures: there're  
cows in the tether

The river flows on, and will flow on forever.

---

---

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

---

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL  
PARK



---

## YELLOWSTONE PARK HOT SPRINGS

---

### YELLOWSTONE PARK. MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

The air is hot, and parched and dry  
The mountains seem of sand  
The trees not thick as heretofore  
We've come *top* of land.

Nature so strange provides for all  
The vagaries of her sex.  
She's showing us her water power  
Here on this great apex.

Terraces so wonderful  
Thrown up in graceful shapes  
The water oozing from them  
Falls glistening while it bakes

Quite fast, and crystallizes  
Again and yet again  
To open wide a curious sight  
For ever wandering man.

---

---

## YELLOWSTONE PARK HOT SPRINGS

---

The sulphurous pools are many hues  
The strata varicolored  
Even the tiny gopher finds  
His home in which he burrows.

---

---

## EN ROUTE TO OLD FAITHFUL INN

---

### EN ROUTE TO OLD FAITHFUL INN

Leaving this place by Silver Gate  
We pass the Hoodoo Height  
Which looks like many treacherous gnomes  
Completely petrified in flight  
From nature's wonderland.

The colored rocks, the rustic falls  
And beautiful Glen Creek  
The little woodchucks on the road  
And e'en the elks do greet.

They start but do not seem to fear  
For no one harms God's creatures here.

. . . . .  
Twin lakes alike in shape but differing in  
color  
Norris Basin steaming forth like many, many  
boilers

Prismatic Lake with waters boiling hot  
Colored vapors rising, form a wondrous  
picture on this spot.

Momentary changes here take place

---

---

## EN ROUTE TO OLD FAITHFUL INN

---

Blue, brick, tan, pink, and green  
So overcome by nature's phenomena, verily  
stunned we seem  
One by one we pass these marvelous pools  
Morning Glory, Beryl, Punch Bowl and  
Jewels.  
Bubbling with purest sparkling water.  
The geysers come then shortly after.

---

---

## OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

---

### OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

Boiling, steaming, seething, hissing,  
Churning the water to flakes  
Until with a fitful rush and gush  
Old Faithful again awakes.  
A stream spurts up two hundred feet  
Ever mounting higher  
Repeating this hourly task each day  
Without a thought of tire.  
*Faithful* as his name implies  
The rainbow gleams in sunny skies  
Reminding us of God's promise rare  
Assuring us of his watchful care.

## YELLOWSTONE LAKE AND SURROUNDINGS

A radiantly lovely jewel  
Of sapphire blue is seen  
Each change of shifting cloudlets  
Brings forth another sheen  
Her waters in fish abounding  
Her shores the campers' delight  
The distant Teton mountains  
Bring snow caps into sight  
The Lone Star geyser deep in forest  
Keeler Falls crossing our way  
The gruesome Mud Volcano and Grotto  
Give keen enjoyment on this day





## FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Rushing, roaring, falling ever  
Spray ascending in softest mist

---

---

## FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

---

### FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Rugged canyon walls  
Rocks tan and brown and red  
Emerald streamlet far below  
Beauteous falls seen just ahead,  
Rushing, roaring, falling ever  
Spray ascending in softest mist  
Heavens clear blue: trees darkest green  
A place for lovers and a tryst.

Yellowstone Falls a maiden seems  
In her sparkling blush of youth  
Bedecked in softest snow-white robes  
The admiration of all forsooth  
Her moods are many and changing  
As the winds which float on high,  
One moment playful as the sunshine,  
The next somber as the clouds in sky.

---

## FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

---

Human nature is always so,  
    Changing and changing ever  
We must cheer the paths of those we love  
    Tiding dark days over.  
The little bluebird flits here and there  
    Lending a dash of color.  
The eagle high up on Thumb Rock  
    Is now a nesting mother,  
Father eagle hovering near  
    Keeping watch o'er those most dear.

---

---

## THE GRAND CANYON — THE BEARS

---

### THE GRAND CANYON THE BEARS

Bruin comes down from the hills  
When the shadows of evening fall  
To feed on the rubbish and swill  
Which is cast away by all.

See the *black*, the *brown*, the *cinnamon*,  
Come walking along so queer  
And later the burly *grizzly*  
With her little cub so dear.

Baby trots after mother  
Oft standing on his hind legs  
And when they reach the feeding grounds  
For a dainty bit he begs.

The other bears seem quite afraid  
Of grizzly being near  
And slink away into the woods  
While the sea-gulls take to air.

---

---

## THE GRAND CANYON — THE BEARS

---

These fish-birds seen by hundreds  
Feeding amongst the bear  
Bird and beast at harmony  
As it should be everywhere.

---

---

## MOUNT WASHBURN

---

### MOUNT WASHBURN

Gazing into this broad expanse  
We're awed and realize  
The magnitude of our great earth  
As viewed from near the skies.

Ten thousand feet above the sea  
Teton's seventy miles of grey,  
Lake Yellowstone far distant seen  
The Canyon's many miles away.

The mountain sides are beds of flowers  
The mosses soft and green  
The rocks and crags and ravines deep  
Depict a glorious scene.

We feel Thy presence here, Oh Lord !  
We thank Thee for thy grace,  
The pleasure that Thou giv'st to us  
No time can ere efface.



---

---

THE GREAT LAKES

---

THE GREAT LAKES



---

---

DULUTH, MINN.

---

DULUTH, MINN.

Leaving Duluth (shoestring by name)  
We pass through Aerial Bridge  
Steaming far away on this glorious night  
    Sun sinking to rest beyond mountain ridge.  
Yon moon rises brilliantly, in bright starry  
    skies,  
    Queer freighters now glide smoothly by,  
Some pleasure craft pass, a canoe hovers  
    near.  
The gulls flap their wings, as they soar in  
    the sky.  
To Houghton we come when the morning  
    appears  
After passing through tiny narrows  
Here are many large mines of good copper  
    ore  
Shafts, crushers, separators and bulk ere  
    it goes  
To the smelters to be refined and then sold.  
Leaving Keweenaw Bay and Potage Lake

---

---

DULUTH, MINN.

---

Into Superior we glide,  
Winding our way through soft passage-  
ways,  
Catching light breezes which nature provides  
The sail is so restful, the day clear and  
calm,  
For all tired nerves a cool, healing balm.

---

---

## SUNSET ON LAKE SUPERIOR

---

---

### SUNSET ON LAKE SUPERIOR

Great heavy clouds of ashen grey  
Tipped by a roseate coral hue  
Beneath at sea line crimson fire  
With mists of evening breaking through  
We ask where is the silver lining?  
'Tis ruby while *this* sun is shining!

---

---

## THE SOO CANAL

---

### THE SOO CANAL

In the still of the night we're awakened  
From a deep and restful sleep  
By the whistle shrilly blowing  
And the sound of treading feet.

The "Soo Canal" we're approaching  
With its lighted waterway,  
Hundreds of lanterns glisten  
As night is turned to day.

Our steamer enters the well-built lock  
The gate is closed with no sound or shock.  
Another is opened just ahead,  
We're sinking fast to a level bed.  
Out of Superior into St. Mary's we glide,  
This feat accomplished with stately pride.  
The gates are closed quite tight again,  
Waiting a ship from over the main.

---

---

## MACKINAC ISLAND

---

### MACKINAC ISLAND

Mackinac Island with its natural arch,  
Sugar loaf rock and picturesque Fort,  
The burial place of Joliet.

The statue in bronze of Father Marquette,  
The lovely homes and interesting stores,  
The forests of cedars bordering its shores,  
Fine fishing grounds for the sportsmen here,  
A charming spot by all held dear.

---

---

## ST. CLAIRE RIVER

---

---

### ST. CLAIRE RIVER

Placid St. Claire River which winds so gracefully,

Dotted with homes and lovely farms,  
Seen many miles away.

The soil is fertile hereabouts,  
The atmosphere so pure,  
The charms of everything we see  
Our hearts and minds allure.

---

## NIAGARA

---

### NIAGARA

Rushing in rapids from Erie's lake  
Turning and twisting ever,  
Niagara with kingly waterfalls  
Its glories will live forever.  
Over the precipice, falling below  
In thousands of gallons of spray,  
Seething and hissing and causing a roar,  
Dashing and whirling madly away.  
As the water rushes on the rocks,  
They're hewn by the force of it all:  
Yearly the contour changes  
Of these beautiful, stately falls.  
Mists ascending from below,  
As heavy, silvery cloud is seen  
Vanishing into the atmosphere,  
Feeding the shrubs so green.  
Mighty torrents rushing on,  
Leap and dance in snow-white foam.  
Standing below and gazing above  
On this marvelous, roaring mass,

---

---

## NIAGARA

---

High, rocky, granite wall on side,  
Leaping volumes momentarily pass.  
Islands divided by rushing waters,  
Trees with foliage green,  
Happy warblers singing therein —  
Truly a glorious scene.  
Miles of rushing, whirling rapids  
Traveling with voluminous strength,  
Racing and tumbling, swifter and swifter  
Till they reach the river at length.

---

---

## THE END OF A PERFECT TRIP

---

---

### THE END OF A PERFECT TRIP

Our journey's o'er,  
We're home again,  
We've naught, dear friends, to rue.  
We've seen the west,  
The glorious west,  
Its many beauties too!  
We'll leave our *play*  
And get to *work*,  
Yea, do it with a *will*.  
We hope in future, dear, dear friends  
To make some journeys still.  
Good-bye, dear friends,  
We're sad at heart  
At thought of leaving you.  
Best friends must part  
Tis ever said,  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 799 543 1